

PAGES

MISSING



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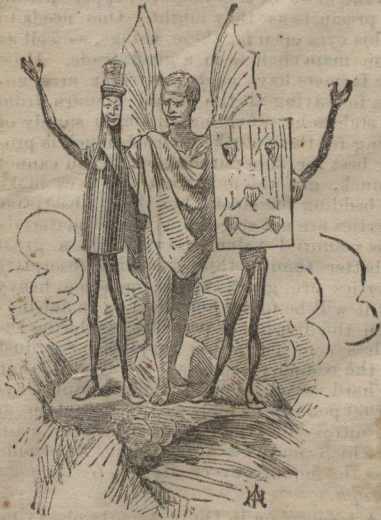
Temperance Department.

THE DOWNWARD COURSE.

The following account of the injury, temporal and eternal, to our men and women, young and old, although imaginative is still true, as many hundreds now dead could tell if it were possible for them to speak to us, and as many tottering on the grave's verge daily assert by their words, or actions which speak louder than words, to all who meet with them.

One beautiful sunshiny day on earth Satan, from his domains, saw a lad bound along from school, joyfully open the door of his mother's house and running up the stairs to her room, where she lay on her invalid's couch, imprint a sounding kiss on her lips, and exclaim with joyful voice, "I've gained it—the scholarship; now I'll be able to go to college without you having to scheme and scrape for me as you have been doing." "God bless you, my boy! I'm proud of you," was all the mother could say, her heart was so full, first of thankfulness to God, and secondly of pride in her only child; for he had to work hard to win the Casarville College scholarship, which was considered the greatest honor for the boys of Union Village.

Such a sight was not pleasant to the eyes of the Prince of Darkness, and he called two of his most trusty friends, and, placing one on either side of him, put his hands on their shoulders and bade them swear.



THE OATH.

He dictated the terrible oath and they repeated it as follows:—

"To thee O Prince of Darkness and of the Earth, we fealty swear—against the people of the earth; to God, ruler of all—to every creature on the earth—to all who have been on the earth—to all who may come,—we swear eternal enmity.—We will war with them—we will do all in power to injure them—we will tempt them—we will profess friendship and be their enemies,—we will cause their eternal destruction.—We will begin when they are young, and educate them for their ruin—we will use the influence of all good

men we can—we will take every advantage for thee."

This was the oath to which they swore with uplifted hands; they, Bottle and Cards-Satan pointed to them the young man first spoken of, who was then sitting in his chair, while before his mental view were passing visions of himself conquering the world, holding places of honor, wealthy and loved, and around him floated his mother's words, "God bless you, my boy! I'm proud of you." "Begin there," Satan said; "his is a mind to command and lead hundreds; wreck it." They knelt and again repeated their oath.

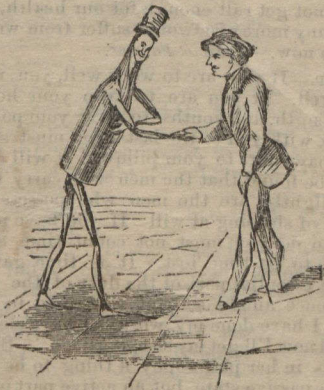
At college, amongst many he had injured under pretence of friendship, Bottle found no



THE COMMAND.

difficulty to obtain an introduction to the young man under the guise of a friend who would cheer up his spirits when sick, make him witty when dull, give him strength when weak, help him with his studies, make all his hours pass pleasantly, and introduce him to pleasant companions. The young man grasped the proffered hand, and Bottle, accustomed to swearing, placed his other hand where his heart should have been, and swore eternal friendship to his dupe.

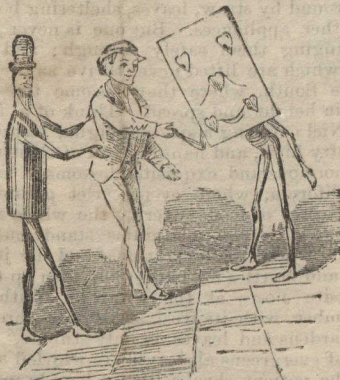
The young man found his companion pleasurable enough at first; and as his visits were not frequent, the fact that he was becoming a necessity, and that without his presence he could do nothing, did not enter his mind; so their friendship grew. One evening while with his college mates, all of whom honor-



THE INTRODUCTION.

ed Bottle who sat on the centre of the table amusing them, Bottle proposed to introduce Cards, and this individual was introduced to our young man, who, although he had heard of him in no complimentary terms, never before had the "honor" of an introduction.

Bottle held him up while he shook hands with Cards, and they all soon grew warm friends.



THE SECOND INTRODUCTION.

After this the young man became more and more enamored of his "friends." One day he went out to enjoy himself with Bottle and was seen entirely "under the influence" of the latter.

But all pleasure has an end, and so had this. He was discovered late at night lying on the stone pavement on the street, while beside him sat Bottle, now for the first time in his true colors, exulting over the success of his efforts.



ENJOYMENT.

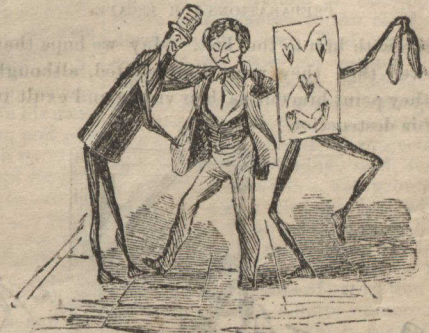
This caused him to doubt his "friend," but he was informed that this always happened to persons who took Bottle's advice, but that Bottle was necessary to him. At this time too he had finished his college course, but although he had entered the school with many hopes and every prospect of success, he barely passed his examination; and strange to say he thanked Bottle for not having been plucked, but was a little doubtful of Cards. After this he went into business, and from the college brought but two everyday companions with



EXULTATION.

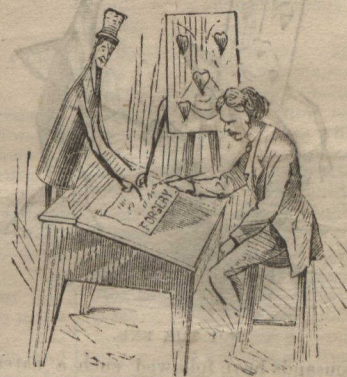
him, who are seen in the next illustration. They required to be paid for their friendly care, and sometimes helped themselves as they well knew how.

He was a young man, and his salary was not large, and, therefore, as soon as his friends began helping themselves without his knowledge, his pockets became habitually empty. They then threatened to leave him, but he had become so enamored of them that he never could allow that, and thoughts entered his mind of helping himself. His mother—he often thought of her—knew his friendship for Bottle and Cards; they had drawn him away from her. She was no longer proud of him, but wept and prayed for him as her fallen son. No, he could not disgrace his mother by doing a criminal action; he must give up



HELPING THEMSELVES.

his companions and turn boldly to work. His mind is made up. But then he owes money for a debt that he had contracted for Cards. He must pay it somehow, otherwise it would be dishonorable. At this time he meets his companions. How strange it was that he, unthinkingly, when all this dispute was going on in his mind, walked to where they were always to be found! They face him; it would be too direct an insult to pass them then; besides he owed money, and he resolved to amuse himself with them for the last time. But when enjoying himself with Bottle, Cards dunned him for his money—he signed another's name to a paper and is a forger!



FORGERY.

Bottle is the first to make his guilt known, and on his arrest both of his "friends" accompany him to the jail door and safely lock him in.

But they do not leave him yet,—their duties only end with his life. He must be ruined forever, and he may still retrace his steps. They comfort him in jail and put weapons in his hands. He must escape and shoot down or stab any who would prevent him.



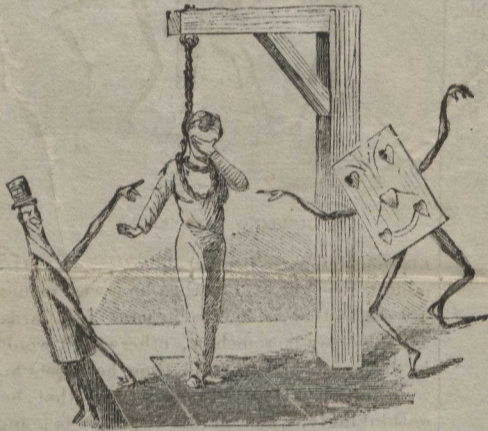
"SAFELY LOCK HIM IN."

He has made the attempt but failed—Bottle was with him. He has caused the death of his fellow-man, and the end of his life has come. His tempters exult in his death and



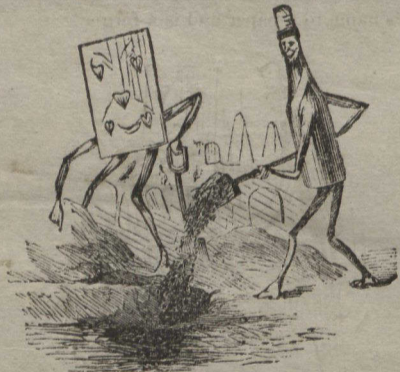
PREPARATIONS FOR ESCAPE.

are with him to the last. May we hope that even then they were disappointed, although they point him out as their victim and exult in his destruction!



THE SCAFFOLD.

They have not left him yet. They bury him from sight that he may not shock others following the same course and jest at his fancied security and down fall. But he still lives, and lives forever.



NOT THE END.

Thousands have followed such a career as the one above recorded, and all lay the cause of their ruin to the first false step. Our young readers may rest assured of this, that if the first is never taken no other can follow, and that it is always easier never to sin than sin and retrieve the character lost.

WINE ON NEW YEAR'S.—We would desire our lady readers not to proffer wine to visitors on New Year's. Much evil has been done by this. The temptation to accept it on these occasions is great, and many cases of broken pledges which have led to a long train of dissipation are known.



Agricultural Department.

MULCHING.

We are creatures of climate. If we will have Northern summers we must submit to Northern winters; and Northern winters mean snow, frost and deep freezing; and deep freezing, to many things, means destruction or mutilation. How large a section of the finest roses cannot bear our winters north of Philadelphia because they will not endure the cold of winter! To be sure the tea roses, the noisettes and other tender roses can be lifted and put in a cold frame, or in a cellar, or they may be "protected" in the ground by straw, leaves, sheltering boards and other appliances. But one is never sure of bringing them safely through; and the roses which are lifted never thrive as they do in the South, where they become trees, at least in height and spread. Think of a Marshal Niel covering a space of eighty feet wide, and fifty high, and hanging full of clusters of its enormous and exquisite blossoms! Think of California, where even scarlet geraniums grow scores of feet, covering the whole sides of houses, where geraniums stand out all winter, where the laurustinus, and the jessamine and myrtles are hardy, and turn up their exquisite noses at the winter! With us, November with its frost sickle cuts through our gardens and leaves us only stubble. Except of evergreens all leaves are whirled away and the patient shrubs lift up bare branches. But not all evergreens even are hardy, and some winters, as that of 1872-3, remorselessly slay even the hardiest of tough evergreens.

This brings us to our subject, winter protection of trees and shrubs. Against what are we to defend them? Not against cold; for very little of that can be effectually done out doors in regions where the thermometer easily slides down to zero and below; but against wind and the sun. In sheltered plains and valleys, or under the flank of forests, there may be no need of regarding the wind. It will howl in the air and express itself as a wronged and injured power, but plants will not care for its sighing or its groaning, and why should we? But where it has full sweep, on unprotected plains, or on high hills, the west and northwest winds are deadly to half-hardy things, and are very trying even to the toughest plants. A belt of trees is the best wind-break. Where that is not attainable, one may save things twelve feet high and under by a screen of boards, loosely set upon posts, after the manner of a board fence. The boards need not be fitted tightly—intervals between each of two or three inches will do no harm. Any one who will examine plants on the east or south side of an open picket fence, and compare them with like plants protected by a close board fence, will see that the picket is the better. The wind seems to be split and frittered by the open fence, and does not strike the plants with concentrated force.

The reason why the wind is so harmful is to be found in the fact, not enough recognized, that deciduous trees are not dormant during the winter, but that a slow circulation is going on, at any rate during mild days. The fierce winds driving against the branches evaporate the moisture, and when the root is superficial and frozen, or when the frost penetrates so deeply as to lock up the lower roots, no supply of moisture replaces that which winds have stolen, and the tree or shrub is desiccated very much in the same manner that it is in summer when taken up and left out in the sun, root and branch.

Besides protection from wind, this danger may be met by preventing the frost from locking up the roots. Mulching—i. e., an ample covering of the roots—is as good for a tree in winter as bed-clothes are for boys on a cold night, and it is as good for hardy trees as any other. To be sure, some trees die without it, and hardy trees do not. But the hardiest trees, in long and severe winters, need to save up their strength. They may be so weakened by expending their force against cold and heat, that it will require half the summer to get back to where they were when the winter set in, and so they will make but small growth. And if several such winters, extreme cold alternating with warm days and brilliant suns, come in succession, the tree will give up the ghost, conquered by the windy prince of the air—and men will hunt for borers, or, hands in the pocket, will "wonder what ailed that tree—never knew such a hardy thing to give out before." The tenderest place in a tree is at the collar, i. e., at the point where the root and stem join. Exposed to the sun or to

severe cold, it will kill the plant as surely as cutting an animal's throat will kill it.

Barren or feeble fruit trees may be invigorated and made fruitful by a mulch of strawy manure in winter and in summer. The ground is enriched, the tree is saved too great a strain in resisting cold in winter and heat and drought on the roots in summer. In a state of nature trees work all summer to get a leaf-covering for their roots in winter. Mulching contains a secret not yet half found out in regard even to hardy fruit or ornamental trees. November is the proper month for mulching, or just as soon as the ground stiffens with frost.

The three points for protection, therefore, are, the branches from drying winds, the collar from exposure, and the lower roots from severe freezing. The two latter are secured by ample mulching,—straw, stubble, such trash as peasticks, the litter of wood-yards, old weeds, sedge, chips but best of all, strawy manure from a barnyard laid on a foot deep, or even more, and extending generously out as far as the sweep of the boughs or supposed circuit of the roots. This mulch may remain also all summer, though it should be forked up and made pervious to the air and light. It is especially important, in our climate, that trees newly set in autumn should have their roots well blanketed in this way. By this practice we have lost not over one per cent. of fall-set trees where others have lost 40, 50, and even 70 per cent.

The same means may be employed to protect against the sun as against winds and cold. A brilliant sun falling upon a frozen vegetable surface is apt to be deadly to tender plants and weakening to very hardy ones. In pear orchards one will often see long strips of dead bark along the trunk and extending into the branches, and always on the south-east and south side. The tree has been sun-hurt in winter. There are many curious and some inexplicable cases of winter-killing besides those included under the foregoing causes. Of these another time.

If snow falls early, and lies deep and long, you will have all the mulching done to hand. If even a little snow comes, it may be worth your while to heap it around your trees and plants, that it may lie long. If snow will not serve you, then you should make haste to procure mulch, and, if nothing else can be had, collect old boards, slats, stones, and lay a rough floor under your trees.—*Star Paper in Christian Union.*

SALT IN ANIMAL ECONOMY.—Common salt is, perhaps, one of the most valuable of the complementary food stuffs. Its presence is needed in almost all of the most valuable fluids of the body which are concerned in digestion. It furnishes the hydrochloric acid of the gastric juice, and the soda of the bile; it is needed for the conservation of the organic compounds of the blood in their normal condition, and in this way is most valuable in preventing morbid changes, which give rise to disease; it hardens, and renders the muscular and other tissues tense, and gives vigorous tone to the health and system. In this way it contracts any ill effects that may arise from an excess of potash salts in the animal's food. The abundant presence of salt in the intestinal canal is hostile to almost all intestinal parasites; and it is also hostile to parasitic worms which it cannot immediately reach, because it gives a vigor to the health that is unfavorable to their development and existence within the body. If, instead of getting food seasoned with salt, as well as having the salt-cellar at table, to take as many pinches from as we may wish for, we had to get all our salt by licking a piece of rock-salt, and if, moreover, there were several others behind us, who were impatiently pushing us out of the way, in order to have their turn at the piece of rock-salt, we think it is very likely that we should not get salt enough for our health, and that many more of us would suffer from worms than do now.—*Prairie Farmer.*

SLEEP.—If you are to work well, you must sleep well. If you are to keep your health and strength, and youth—to carry your powers of work with you to the last—you must sedulously pay court to your pillow. It will commonly be found that the men who carry their years lightly are the men who possess the faculty of sleeping at will. If you have much work to do you must not count time spent in sleep to be time lost. It is time gained. It is an essential part of the duty of the day. I had once an old servant who used to say, "Well I have done my work. I have cleaned up, and now I'll get my sleeping done." Sleeping was in her philosophy a thing to be done—not a passive state, but an active part of her duty. And every workman should so consider it. Let him sleep in his bed, if he can, at proper hours of the night; if not, let him sleep at any odd times, when nature invites him to rest himself. If we do not play tricks with ourselves, if we work hard without overworking ourselves, sleep will rarely be coy to us. As a general rule, it may be said that busy men are better sleepers than idlers, and that

mental labor contributes more to sound sleep than bodily fatigue. I believe that merely novices in work are kept awake by the thought of it. Experienced workmen acquire a habit of shaking off its environments when they will. If there is one thing in life for which I am profoundly grateful to the Giver of all good gifts, it is for the faculty of sleep.—*Farmer Correspondent.*

POTATOES FOR HORSES.—L. T. Scott writes in the *Country Gentleman*:—Nearly every winter when I have my horses up in stable, I think that I will call the attention of your readers to the practice of feeding potatoes to their horses. I once came near losing a very valuable horse from feeding him dry hay and oats with nothing loosening. I have never believed in dosing a horse with medicine, but something is actually necessary to keep a horse in the right condition. Many use powders, but potatoes are better, and safer, and cheaper, if fed judiciously. If those who are not in the habit of feeding potatoes to horses will try them, they will be astonished at the result. I have known a horse changed from a lazy, dumpy one, to a quick, active, headstrong animal in five days, by simply adding two quarts of potatoes to his feed daily. If very much clear corn meal is fed, they do not need so many potatoes. Too many potatoes are weakening, and so are too many apples. When I was a lad I was away from home at school one winter, and had the care of one horse, one yoke of oxen, and one cow, every one of which I had to card or curry every day. The horse had three pails of water, four quarts of oats, two quarts small potatoes, and two quarts of corn extra every day he worked, with what hay he wanted, and a stronger, and more active horse, of his inches, I have never yet seen.

TO CLEAN A RUSTY PLOUGH.—Take a quart of water and pour slowly into half a pint of sulphuric acid. The mixture will become quite warm from chemical action, and this is the reason why the acid should be poured slowly into the water, rather than the water into the acid, and let it remain on the iron until it evaporates. Then wash it again. The object is to give the acid time to dissolve the rust. Then wash with water and you will see where the worst spots are. Apply some more acid and rub on those spots with a brick. The acid and the scouring will remove most of the rust. Then wash the mould-board thoroughly with water to remove all the acid, and rub it dry. Brush it over with petroleum or other oil, and let it lie till spring. When you go to ploughing, take a bottle of acid water to the field with you and apply it to any spot of rust that may remain. The acid and the scouring of the earth will soon make it perfectly bright and smooth. If all iron work be washed off with petroleum as soon as we put our tools, implements and machines aside for the winter, it will keep them from rusting, and save a great deal of trouble and annoyance, to say nothing of depreciation and loss.

THE MANURE SUPPLY.—The majority of farmers do not put forth that decided effort to make the most of the manure supply within their precincts as they might. One needs to keep his eyes open for these things, as well as for the main chances in a good trade. How many farmers have made particular arrangements for saving all the liquid manure from their stables by providing an ample supply of bedding for their stock? Dried muck is probably best for this purpose, but if you cannot get muck, get the next best. Leaves make good bedding for stock, but their absorptive properties are not so good as other materials of less manurial value. Sawdust is a great deal better than nothing, for its absorptive properties are good, while for some heavy lands it will be found beneficial as an ameliorator in the division of particles, rendering the soil less compact when applied. Sawdust from the resinous woods is less valuable than from hard wood, though Boussingault says that 260 pounds of pine sawdust contain as much nitrogen as 100 pounds of stable manure, which may be a fact, but we should choose the manure every time.—*German Town Telegraph.*

—A farmer boy in Ohio, recently, observing a small flock of quails in his father's corn field, resolved to watch their motions. They pursued a very regular course in their foraging, beginning on one side of the field, taking about five rows, and following them uniformly to the opposite end, returning in the same manner over the next five rows. They continued in this course until they had explored the greater part of the field. The lad, believing that they were pulling up the corn, fired into the flock, killing but one of them, and examined the ground. In the whole space which they had traversed he found but one stalk of corn disturbed. This was nearly scratched out of the ground, but the earth still adhered to it. In the crop of the quail he found one cut-worm, twenty-one striped vireos, and one hundred chinch bugs, but not a single grain of corn.



The Family Circle.

"HE TOOK HIM BY THE HAND."

That is a beautiful thing that is said of our Lord, "He took him by the hand, and led him out of the town." And is there not here a helpful hint for every saint that seeks to follow in his steps, and like him go forth to succor and to save?

We like the hearty hand-shaking of the good old times; not the half-reluctant proffer of cold finger-tips, but the cordial grasp betokening real sympathy. The formal bow may do for the fashionable parlor, but it will not suffice for the Sunday-school folk. Get hold of your scholars by the hand, if you mean to get hold of them by the heart.

Gough tells of the thrill of Joel Stratton's hand laid lovingly upon his shoulder, just at the time when he was reeling on the brink of hell; and of another gentleman of high respectability, who came to his shop when he was desperately struggling to disengage himself from the coils of the serpent, and almost ready to sink down in despair; and how he took him by the hand, expressed his faith in him, and bade him play the man. Gough said, "I will;" and Gough did, as everybody knows.

There's a great deal in it. Some of us are not too old to remember how it was with us when we were boys ourselves, when a real, live gentleman took us by the hand—not, of course, the schoolmaster, with the dreaded ferule—but with friendly grasp, and held on and talked with us; we remember how he grew upon us—our respect and affection—and how we always had a kindly feeling for him afterwards; and how, when we encountered him, even at a distance, there was the quick, glad recognition, and a sort of mutual telegraphing, the purport of which seemed to be, "We understand one another."

There is about many teachers a distance and reserve, a diffidence; a daintiness, a something that hinders them from taking hold of their scholars; and we beg them to look to it, and resolve to cure it at whatever cost, and, as a good beginning, learn a lesson from our Saviour, and at your next class meeting take them all by the hand.—*The Baptist Teacher.*

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

One of the most puzzling questions which parents have to deal with is that which relates to the amusements of their children, and especially to those among them who have reached young manhood and young womanhood. The most of us are too apt to forget that we have once been young, and that, while we are tired enough with our daily work to enjoy our evenings in quiet by our firesides, the young are overflowing with vitality, which must have vent somewhere. The girls and young women particularly, who cannot join in the rough sports of the boys, have, as a rule, a pretty slow time of it. They go to parties when invited; but parties are all alike, and soon become a bore. A healthy social life does not consist in packing five hundred people together in a box, feeding them with ices, and sending them home with aching limbs, aching eyes, and a first-class chance for diphtheria. But the young must have social life. They must have it regularly; and how to have it satisfactorily—with freedom, without danger to health of body and soul, with intellectual stimulus and growth—is really one of the most important of social questions.

It is not generally the boy and the girl who spend their days in school that need outside amusement or society. They get it, in large measure, among their companions, during the day; and, as their evenings are short, they get along very comfortably with their little games and their recreative reading. It is the young woman who has left school and the young man who is preparing for life, in office or counting-room, in the shop or on the farm, that need social recreation which will give significance to their lives, and, at the same time, culture to their minds. If they fail to unite culture with their recreations, they never get it. It is not harsh to say that nine young men in every ten go into life without any culture. The girls do better, because, first, they take to it more naturally, and, second, because, in the absence of other worthy objects of life, this is always before them and always attainable. The great point, then, is to unite culture with amusement and social enjoyment. Dancing and kindred amusements are well enough in their time and way, but they are childish. There must be something better; there is something better.

It is an easy thing to establish, either in country or city neighborhoods, the reading

club. Twenty-five young men and women of congenial tastes, habits, and social belongings can easily meet in one another's houses, once during every week, through five or six months of the year. With a small fund they can buy good books, and, over these, read aloud by one and another of their number, they can spend an hour and a half most pleasantly and profitably. They will find in these books topics of conversation for the remainder of the time they spend together. If they can illuminate the evening with music, all the better. Whatever accomplishments may be in the possession of different members of the club may be drawn upon to give variety to the interest of the occasion. This is entirely practicable, everywhere. It is more profitable than amateur theatricals, and less exhaustive of time and energy. It can be united with almost any literary object. The "Shakespeare Club" is nothing but a reading club, devoted to the study of a single author; and Shakespeare may well engage a club for a single winter. Such a club would cultivate the art of good reading, which is one of the best and most useful of all accomplishments. It would cultivate thought, imagination, taste. In brief, the whole tendency of the reading club is toward culture—the one thing, notwithstanding all our educational advantages, the most deplorably lacking in the average American man and woman.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

SELFISH DAUGHTERS, AND WHAT MAKES THEM.

"Oh, I wish my mother were here!" exclaimed a young lady, one morning this summer, as we stood on the piazza of a large, old farm-house among the Catskills, drinking in the pure mountain air, and viewing with intense delight, mingled with awe, the grand old mountains with their evergreen summits towering to the skies. I turned with a feeling of pleasure to the young girl; she was quite pretty, one of four young school-teachers who had come here to spend their vacation. As I looked with admiring eyes upon the girl she pushed out a little foot whose boot had lost several buttons, "because," she added, "if my mother were here she would sew those buttons on my shoes." There was no more beauty to that face in my sight, and I could not repress the look of disgust which rose to my eyes as I turned hastily away; but her words followed me. She was talking to one of her friends: "Every morning," she said, "if I have anything to be mended, I send it down for my mother to do; I never do anything of the kind myself!"

And that girl had reached her twentieth year! What a daughter! I had thought, when she first spoke, that her desire for her mother's presence was that that dear one might enjoy with her the beauty of the grand scenery, and the luxury of the pure, strengthening air. But no: it was that she might mend her shoes. What a motive! Probably, at that very moment the over-worked mother was preparing breakfast for her family, (which was not small, as the young lady had herself said) in a hot, close room in the city, while her daughter was wishing that she were with her to be her slave. What a wife that girl will make! What a teacher she is for the children committed to her care! It is to be hoped that there are not many like her. And, now, whose fault is it? why has she grown up into this selfish state, her soul cramped into such a compass that no sunshine of nobleness can creep into it? Is it not the mother's fault to a great degree? She has petted her child, indulging every desire, sacrificing herself continually to gratify her daughter's whims. She has worked and denied herself many a luxury, perhaps, that this girl might receive an education, cultivating, unconsciously a spirit of selfishness more ugly than homely features, ignorance, or plain clothes.

Let a mother bring up a child to regard her wishes and comfort as much, at least, as its own, to strive through all its life to make "mother" happy, and, in the coming years, the daughter will never look back, when that mother is gone to her rest, and think, with bitter regret, of the hours of toil that she might have lightened.—*Phren. Journal.*

"FOLLOW THOU ME."

This passage has its application to all those unfavorable surroundings in which we are often placed. It is not an easy thing to be an out-and-out Christian in certain families or in certain social circles. It was not an easy thing for Daniel to be a God-fearing Puritan in voluptuous Babylon, or for Paul to stand up for Jesus at the Court of Felix. Perhaps some of you say: "My 'set' are worldly and fashionable. They go to theatres oftener than to prayer-meetings. My relatives are irreligious. The current is against me." Very well. What is that to thee? Follow thou Christ. If your associates are possessed with the delusion that happiness is only to be found in sensual pleasures, then prove to them how cheerful you can be while denying ungodly

lusts. If they among whom your lot is cast are frivolous, do you be sober. If they are extravagant, do you be frugal, "as becometh the saints." If they live for self-indulgence, do you set the example of living for Christ and for others' welfare. If they choose death, do you choose life, and then prove to them the wisdom of your choice. "Be ye holy as I am holy" is a command you cannot shirk or deflect at a terrible cost. Oh! it is a shame to us who profess Christ that we often ask: "What will this one say or how do others do?" Follow me! This is the true "higher life," this perennial endeavor to find Christ's footsteps and to walk therein.

When the grand old missionary, Judson, was one day laid aside from work, his wife thought to divert him by reading to him some newspaper sketches of himself. One compared him to Paul, another to John, etc. The modest old hero was annoyed, and exclaimed: "I do not want to be like Paul, or Apollos, or any other man. I want to be like Christ. We have only one who was tried in all points as we are and yet was without sin. I want to drink in his spirit, to place my feet in his footprints and to measure their smallness and shortcomings by Christ's footsteps only. Oh! if I could only be more like Jesus!"

If our churches are to be quickened and advanced, then the marching-order to which we must keep step is: "Follow me!" The only safe counsel for the enquiry room is to point every awakened sinner to the atoning Jesus. The two words which Jesus probably uttered oftener than any other were: "Follow me!" They are the essence of all true creeds. They are the test and touchstone of true Christianity.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

"HELP MY POOR PAPA."

Here is an anecdote that deserves record, and the facts come to me so directly, and on such authority, that I vouch for them as confidently as if they had occurred under my own roof. There lived, a year ago, in this country, a gentleman of good repute, high social standing and connections, and large business employments. He became embarrassed in his mercantile affairs, yielded to temptation, and put his hand too easily to documents which required a very different pen. He was indicted for forgery, tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison.

He has a little daughter of six or eight years of age, who has not ceased to pray for her father every day, regularly, since his incarceration began. A short time ago her mother heard her in a distant room, praying very loud, and with an unusual degree of pathos and intensity. The child was on her knees, her little hands clasped, her whole body in motion, and she was saying, "O dear Lord, don't you hear me? May be I've prayed too softly, and you couldn't hear me; but I mean everything, and I don't care who hears me, if I can only make you hear me, and see how I want you to help my poor papa!" When her mother asked her why she prayed so loud, she gave the reason which she had put in her artless petition, and said, "Mamma, you and I have been praying for papa a whole year, and it doesn't seem as if God had heard us; perhaps we've been afraid to pray loud, and I felt to-night as if I must make God hear me, and do something for poor papa." When that miserable man learns this story of his little daughter, he may find in it a chastisement with more healing power than the sentence of the offended law; and, who can tell? perhaps the touching constancy and fearlessness of the child may now, at length, work out, under God, the very answer to her prayer which she has waited for so long.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

WHAT TO DO WITH ILLUSTRATED PAPERS.

The very best thing to do with illustrated papers after your own family have finished reading them, is of course to send them to some one who cannot afford the luxury of buying them, or to the prison libraries; but it often happens that odd numbers lie around the house and are torn up or burned up, simply because one does not know what to do with them.

A very pretty use for odd pictures and prints of all sizes and descriptions is to make them into Christmas-books for children. It is pretty work for your own children to do, and they make tasteful and valuable presents for the children of friends. The following directions may perhaps assist the young people in preparing a pleasant surprise for some one whom they love:

Take one yard of blue glazed muslin, of a pretty shade, one of pink and one of white; fold each into six squares, unless your pictures are very large, when four squares will probably answer. Lay them one upon the other and stitch one side firmly together; then taking a sharp pair of scissors cut the three remaining margins in even and regular points. Now trim your pictures neatly and arrange the third page, leaving the outside leaf for a cover. The pictures should be put on with

starch, laying them face down upon the table and brushing the backs evenly and uniformly with the starch, then lifting and placing where you wish to have them, leaving a margin of about an inch of the red cambric around the edge of the pictures. When the page is arranged and partly dry it should be pressed with warm iron. If the pictures are small several can be nicely grouped together, or one large one and two smaller will often do nicely upon the same page. The cover can be decorated in rather different fashion, by leaving the edge plain and loop-stitching a border in colored worsted, and pasting a name and inscription in letters, also cut from headings of papers.

With a little exercise of ingenuity a very pretty thing can be made of waste pictures, which are really too good to throw away.

SELECTIONS.

—It would seem impossible that deaf-mutes could be taught to sing; yet this is what M. Rota, a professor of music at Trieste, has done. Recently they have given a public exhibition in Paris, and they sang not only in perfect time, but preserved the pitch, which was mysteriously conveyed to them by their teacher.

—Prof. Capen, of the Cortland Normal School, says that it is a popular fallacy that the pale faces and broken down constitutions found in our schools are due to hard study. He adds: "If the habits of life of these so-called hard-workers could be traced, it would be found that late hours, unventilated sleeping rooms, lack of exercise, exposure, rich food or food that is poorly or unwisely cooked, fast eating, and the like, are the direct and the efficient causes of their poor state of health."

—That plaything which is least definite in its form and limited in its application, will prove best adapted to the child's intellectual development. Jean Paul recommends clean sand as an excellent means for the proper amusement of young children. That substance, assuming the most homogeneous forms and properties in the imagination, is regarded as "building material, as projectile, as a cascade, water for washing, seed, flour, as inlaid work, and raised work, as a ground for writing and painting." Hence a box with building-blocks is preferable to the most beautiful representation of a mine, since the latter, after a close examination, preserves its features and offers no new points of perception to the mind; while the former admits numerous variations and combinations, which may become even more complicated and original, and thus keep pace with the growing intellect.—*Education Journal.*

—"What one point did that superintendent try to impress on his school in his twenty-minutes' talk?" was a question which one visitor might have asked of another as the two came away from a Sunday-school room. "I am sure I don't know," would have been the only fitting answer. "Then what was the good of the address?" "There again I can't answer you," would have closed comment on that service. If a superintendent takes the time of a school in the closing minutes of its session, he ought to have clearly in his mind the one truth he would impress on the minds of his scholars. Then his every word should tend to the point he would emphasize. It is a small matter that the superintendent makes an address. It is a great matter that the scholars leave the room with one precious thought, one profitable impression, as the result of a superintendent's address.—*S. S. Times.*

RECORDING PRAYER.—Mr. George Miller says: "I would particularly advise all, but especially the younger believers, to use a little book, in which they may note down on the one side the requests which they bring before God. There are certain matters which God has laid on our hearts, and we should note them down. It would be helpful to us to write, 'At such-and-such a time I began to pray for such-and-such a thing;' and then to continue to pray with regard to this matter. If we do so, we shall find that sooner or later the prayer will be answered. Then let us mark on the opposite side, that it has, at such a time, pleased God to answer that prayer. After some time, read over the memorandum-book, and you will find how again and again it has pleased God to answer your prayers—and perhaps regarding matters about which you little expected the answer to come; and soon you will find the wondrous effect of this on your heart, in increasing your love and gratitude to our heavenly Father. The more careful you are in marking what you ask, and what God has given, the more distinctly you will be able to trace how again and again it pleased God to answer your prayers, and more, you will be drawn out to God in love and gratitude. You will find precisely as the Psalmist found it when he says, 'I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.'"

A HAPPY YEAR.

confine our New Year's saluta- but wish that the whole We do not... pleasant middle... in its birth, sunny youth... age and frosty close may be to them... piness and prosperity. The MESSENGER has... passed through a year of prosperity such as it never had previously, and we are full of grati- tude to our many hundred friends who have so nobly assisted us. An orator may speak till he faint to deaf men or stones and they move not and be any paper ever so good if it is not read its influence is nil. But the MES- SENDER is not so situated; its readers are at- tentive—see the "Good Words" on this page; its friends are active—see our circulation al- most doubled in twelve months.

We expect to progress more and more; we have the momentum of more than thirty thou- sand friends at our back urging us on, and new recruits are joining by hundreds every week—those who watch our published figures will see there is no exaggeration—and why should we not look to bright things in the fu- ture? There have been many improvements made in the MESSENGER during the year just passed, and we shall do our best to improve its style continually as our readers do their part in working up the subscription list. The MESSENGER is something like a great co-opera- tive store, for whose prosperity each "subscriber" works and each shares in the profits. If we are not too late let us wish you again

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER CHILDREN.

It is seldom that a happier picture is pro- duced than the one we present our readers in this number, of the Princess of Wales and her children. None of them appear to feel oppressed under the weight of their prospective crowns or present digni- ty. They simply represent a family cir- cle such as most of our readers must be sur- rounded with. The chief stronghold of Eng- land's Queen is not in her army or much boasted navy, but in the love of her people, over whom she judicially rules; and this hold has been largely gained by her character as a true wife and mother. Such a picture as this has much more influence in making the Royal family beloved and respected than any amount of state intrigue, state grandeur, or exertion of national power. Americans have always looked upon the Royal family of England with true affection based not alone on their royalty, but on a common loyalty to family and home.

The names of the persons represented in the picture are as follows:—H.R.H. Alexandra of Denmark (Princess of Wales), born Dec. 1, 1844; Prince Albert-Victor, born Jan. 8, 1864; George-Frederick-Ernest-Albert, born June 3, 1865; Louisa-Victoria-Alexandra-Dagmar, born Feb. 20, 1867; Victoria-Alex- andra-Olga-Mary, born July 6, 1868, and Maud-Charlotte-Mary-Victoria, born Nov. 26, 1869.

GOOD WORDS.

—From Petersville Church, N. B., the fol- lowing hearty recommendation comes:—"The children love the MESSENGER; as to the WIT- NESS, since I first saw it, I have valued it highly for its Christian and temperance spirit as well as its fearless opposition to Ultramontane ab- surdity. It is a valuable reading book for youth; in it will be found sound advice cal- culated to guide into and on the path of Peace."

—Allan McPherson, Belmont, writes:—"I am competing for a prize. I can not travel very far as I am only eight years old. Every person likes the MESSENGER so well that they take it as soon as they see it. I always give mine away as soon as I read it."

—A subscriber from Lakeville, N.B., sends us twelve subscribers with the following en- couraging words:—"When we moved here to our new home my girls could not see any Mes-

SENGER—it was scarcely known here. They thought they could not do without it and in a very short time one of them got eleven sub- scribers."

—The following from London, Ont., is a good kind of letter:—"Enclosed is \$5.10 and fifteen names. I think the MESSENGER is one of the best papers in this part of Canada I like the temperance without exception. I think that all stories in it and others, and the paper contains is very instructive."

—An old friend says:—"I fancy your prizes are too large in amount for your own profit." (This may be true, but still the prizes are offered and they must be sent. Perhaps during this competition we may obtain new subscribers enough to pay for the experi- ment).

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

This issue the instalment of the story "Janet Mason's Troubles," which should occupy the fourth and fifth pages of the MESSENGER, is omitted. The place is supplied with a happier picture, as this is not a season for troubles. Next number they will be again renewed. The third and sixth pages have been left blank, to allow any of our readers who desire to cut out the picture for pre- sentation or for any other purpose they may desire.

THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

As may be seen by another paragraph the amounts received for subscriptions this year are far in advance of those the year previous. This must not be supposed that this is owing to the amounts received "in competition," for while the competition is active still the aggregate amounts received therefrom cannot be in any way compared with those sent by friends who work simply from a de- sire to assist the paper and the cause they are attempting to advance. There is, there- fore, opportunity for the prizes to be won by some who have, so far, done little or nothing to obtain them. We repeat the prize list as follows:

- 1. To the person sending the largest amount of money on or before Janu- ary 7th, as payment in advance for our publications.....\$ 50
2. To the person sending the second largest amount..... 40
3. do. do. third do. 30
4. do. do. fourth do. 20
5. do. do. fifth do. 15
6. do. do. sixth do. 10
7. do. do. seventh do. 10
8. do. do. eighth do. 5
9. do. do. ninth do. 5
10. do. do. tenth do. 5
11. do. do. eleventh do. 5
12. do. do. twelfth do. 5

Those who wish to begin at once may take new subscriptions to the end of the year at the following rates:

Table with 2 columns: Publication Name and Price. Includes DAILY WITNESS (\$3.00), TRI-WEEKLY (2.00), WEEKLY (1.10), MESSENGER (30c), and DOMINION MONTHLY (1.50).

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST TRACTS.—Al- though many tracts are most useful, nearly if not all of them are open to the objection that they are "tracts," and those whom they are intended to benefit in most cases put them in their pockets: to be thrown away when out of the giver's sight, or on receiving them, per- haps with the expectation of obtaining good therefrom, never find a moment to specially devote to them. The MESSENGER are supplied to be used AS TRACTS at the rate of one dollar for twelve dozen, or about three-quarters of a cent each.

STRIKE THE IRON WHILE IT IS HOT.—Some subscribers defer remitting with the kind in- tention of getting one or two others to send with their own, or perhaps of making a special effort and getting a good number, but put the matter off, until, perhaps, they find that their own subscription has expired without being renewed. To such we have to say, It is now or never. Do what you can before Christmas

—a week or two later and it is much harder work in every way.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.— We hope to issue the next number of the MES- SENDER sufficiently early to supply the first Sunday-school Lesson for 1876 in time.

BREAKFAST.—Epps's COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful applica- tion of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which saves us many heavy doctor's bills. It is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled— "JAMES EPPS & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle Street, and 170 Piccadilly; Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, Lon- don."

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The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at No. 218 and 220 St. James street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, of New York and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.

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